

# Northern Nanny,

Or : the loving Lasses lamentation.

In this same Sonnet she doth plain discover  
The true affection of a faithfull Lover,  
Wailing his absence since by fortune cruel  
She was deprived of her dearest Jewel,  
Which may a pattern to all lovers be  
To take example by this maiden free.

Tunc ot, *In January last, &c.*



**O**n Easter Monday last  
when Ladds and Lasses play  
As o're the green I pass,  
near upon time of the day,  
I heard a pensive Maiden woun  
tears trickling down amain,  
Quoth the alack why was I born  
to live in mickle pain.

Why did my love depart  
and lea ve me here alone,  
To wail and break my heart  
with making of my moan,  
The marble rocks trugh me lament  
sin c I habe' ol' my deare,  
As if with me hez wad c intent  
to dyg i my ratal teat.

You Lasses of the North  
come hear me tell my tale,  
Whilst I the praise set to th  
of him for whom I wail,  
Come sit ye down upon this green  
and patiently give ear,  
A true description I will give  
of him I love so deare.

He hath a pleasant countenance  
andeke a rolling eye,  
Slike charms of love ligis in his face,  
will make a maiden dy e,  
His comly person finely made  
well shap't in every part,  
With c'm sing language to yer wade  
the most obdurate he arc,

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When first it was my chance  
To a person so to view,  
Each luck and smiling glance  
My love it would renew:  
I thought my self the happiest last  
When I his love did win,  
For all the treasure of the earth  
I valued not a pin.

True love on either side  
Did in our hearts take place,  
But this our joy and happiness  
Did last but little space;  
For fortune she was always blind  
And crosses lovers true,  
And that's the reason that I find  
I now have cause to rue.

Our Daddys and our Mammys death  
To us did cruel prove,  
And would not let us wedded be  
But sought to break our love,  
Which made my love and I lament  
Things falling out so crost,  
So that so travel he was bent  
Which grieves me for his los.

To cross the Seas he now is gone  
His so rows to all wage,  
And left poor harmless me alone  
In thi my tender age,  
My love sick heart is fill'd with woe  
Which causeth me to mourn,  
O whether shall poor Nanny go  
Until my love return.

In mans attice I'll venture  
To find my love again,  
Amongst the strangers I will go  
Through Holland, France, and Spain,  
No hardishe shall a burden be  
My chance I'll never rue  
To set my love at liberty  
My fancy I'll pursue.

Or in some noble man of Warre  
As Cabin Boy I'll go,  
To find my love in countrys far  
To ease me of my woes,  
Was ever harmless lass so crost  
And so with love perplext.  
For fear my Johnny should be lost  
I am so griev'd and vext.

My fathers frown I will not fear  
Nor mochers anger mind,  
Since they have made me lose my dear  
By being so unkind,  
If they had granted their consent  
How happy had we been,  
To pass the time in merriment  
Amongst the leaves so green.

But now alas it is too late  
And all my hope is vain,  
My sorrow it will not abate  
Till he return again,  
Unless I see my love do hear  
Within a little space,  
Through deserts wild my course I'll trace  
To find a resting place.